

[Envelope:]

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[Transcription begins]

Greenbelt, Md.

Honestly Darling –

You can't imagine how glad I was to hear that you had a broken rib. I mean just the fact that you still had a rib to be broken was so wonderful. Gordon came home with a rumor that you'd been killed. So Mrs. Blood called to find out the worst from Edith. She came over to find out when I'd last heard, and told me that (Gordon said maybe) you'd been badly hurt. I was a sick cookie for a while (Sunday) but Monday when I got to work I looked so horrible that Mr. Curran got the story & immediately called A.G.O. who stated that you'd never been a casualty or in an accident. That helped matters a lot, Watson spent a day at A.G.O. too, & found out the same thing. It wasn't until then that Edith told me he said you'd been killed not hurt.

Anyway I guess I'm not one of the valiant because I died a couple of times, and still feel like I just got over being sick a long time. For the same effect, you can imagine you got a wire from Edith that I'd been killed in an automobile accident. I don't really blame Mrs. Blood because I know she was anxious about you, but I do wish people would forget about hear say.

Both your letters got here at the same time, so I put in quite a week before I finally got a letter in your own hand writing. Practically everyone I know asked me every day last week if I'd gotten a letter yet. I think I'll put a list of my friends on your mailing list.

So you've decided to marry me, well that's just fine—I was sort of hoping all along that you would eventually, of course I didn't want to be forward or anything. I don't know what you're so emphatic about, I already damn-sight expected to meet you if you got within 3000 miles of me. The only thing is, I don't particularly like the idea of having a baby, at this time—it wouldn't be quite the best thing for any one of the three of us. However, I love you very much, and it's hard to say just what is best.

Naturally, I have the office under control, I mean, after all I've been there 3 ½ months. But I've learned about all I can from this job so I'd like to get another one lined up for after I get back from seeing you. That's sort of what I mean about a baby—it would give me an awful lot of time to sit at home & think.

Is it wrong to count so much on seeing you, Id rather have something hapy [sic] to look forward to, than a long stretch of nothingness, even if it does fall thru.

It's too bad I'm not a movie star—I certainly wish they'd give me the chance to visit you—I don't care if it's in you-kno-what's back yard. However with no opportunity to prove how brave I am, I guess it's sort of futile.

Don't be so smug about me not needing a girdle—you haven't seen me for ten months. I don't—but it's hard telling what I'll look like by the time you do see me again. I've been wearing lipstick on Saturdays on account of pressure from the office—I can't quite remember how I got into it—but now every body demands that I wear it once a week. It certainly spoils my luck because I get red all over everything but when I yell about mal-nutrition they tell me I'm psychopathic. Now I ask you!

I really am glad your rib is better, I know darn well how painful it is—I'm sorry I wasn't there to make you feel better. On second thought my being there might have aggravated the condition. I don't know what a “fox” hole is unless its like on Bataan, if so—why don't you watch where you're going?

The pictures were cute, you look very glamorous in silhouette. Luella was very happy about you eating the apple. She's just sure you're healthy! I wish you could send me more—how am I going to marry you—if I get that old feeling about not recognizing you for the first week. You wouldn't expect me to marry a perfect stranger, or would you?

Remember Owen, Sgt. at Fort Leonard Wood, we got a letter from him from Edgewood Arsenal, Md. last week—he's an Aviation Cadet over there now, and says he'll be in here, as soon as he gets a day's leave—I'll be awfully glad to see him—he's a nice kid. Somehow, I can't imagine him flying—but I hope I'm wrong.

Listen sweet, when I marry you it won't be because we might never get another chance—it'll be because I'm so firmly convinced that we will be together for a long, long time, because we're both ready to be married, and all our previous plans would have had us married long ago. We couldn't be much more married unofficially—so we might as well make it official. I love you so awfully much that if it will mean we'll be married 51 years if we're married this spring, instead of 50 if we wait another year—I'm all for it.

I think we've been meant for each other since we were born, even tho' you will undoubtedly boss me like hell. I feel sort of as if you're being gypped at times—but I guess it's all for the good of my soul.

Please love me a lot.

Pat. [Transcription ends]